

THE LIGUORIAN



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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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NOVEMBER, 1926

No. 11

Moments

The days roll onward to their final close.
No human hand their forward march may stay—
In trackless sequence as the wind that blows,
Like dark-winged heralds of the world's decay.

And yet 'tis here the phantom stage is set
And life's brief drama must at length be played
Within these fleeting moments that beget
Our dream-bred fancies in their mist arrayed.

How vast the forces which these moments hold,
All pregnant with the weighty things of life
Where by-gone struggles of a world grown old
'Mid the wild tempest of impassioned strife

Pour forth their venom to this latest time
Where weaker, feebler puppets still contend
To drag their fancied treasure from the slime
Of earth's poor leavings which too soon must end.

What joy of heart these darkest moments keep
Where souls are not by earth-born fancies rent.
There is no pain for those who strive to reap
Eternal merit e'er the time be spent.

Though dark the night and sad each weary hour
E'en darker yet—Faith's star doth brighter burn.
Each day tremendous in its fleeting power
For countless souls Eternal Life shall earn.

—Brother Reginald, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

DAN'S NEWFANGLED IDEA

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

The clock has struck, and the helpers are gone, and the big doors of Barney Killian's shop have been carelessly swung to, leaving but a good sized crack through which one can glance into the smoky interior.

Here, down this very street, comes Father Timothy Casey, walking with long, swinging strides.

If the priest glances through the crack between the big doors, the odds are a hundred to one he'll never pass without entering. For there inside is "himself," his two great, black hands gripping the handle of a sledge hammer. One end of it—the end with the hammer on—is resting on the anvil, and Barney's bristly chin is resting on the other. His face, so far as one can read it through the stubble and the soot, seems to say: "I'll *not* be convinced, let yer raysons be ever so good. You may argy as ye like, thin, for 'tis all wan to me." There "forninst" him, declaiming with the eloquence of a Daniel O'Connell, is his old townee, Dan Mahan, the bricklayer.

Father Casey approaches. He does glance through the crack, and he does enter, just as we knew he would. On seeing the priest, both men speak at once.

"Father Tim, this ould sinner will not hear av going to the raythrate for his soul's good," cried Dan.

"Father Tim, this man is gone daft about a newfangled thing he calls a raythrate. Is it Catholic, at all, I dunno," cried Barney.

"Catholic!" retorted Dan. "'Tis as Catholic as the Pope himself. Isn't it the Mission'ry Fathers that gives it in their own monasth'ry down at Marianella. Ye'd be no Catholic by this time yerself, Barney, if they hadn't come to put the fear of God into you wid their powerful missions."

"Boy an' man," replied Barney, "I've med every mission in St. Mary's these thirty year. I goes to my Mass av a Sunda', I makes my Easter an' my Christmas Juty. What does I want thrapsin' down to Marianella an' moping about the Fathers' monasth'ry disturbing their solitood? Haven't we Our Blessed Lord here in our own church as well as down there? And haven't we His Reverence to explain the holy Gospel to us and raymind us av the pew rint?"

"Barney," said the priest, "a mission and a retreat are two different things. Missions are given only at long intervals, but a retreat should be made every year. A mission begins the work, and a retreat finishes it. A mission makes you quit sin; a retreat leads you to the practice of solid virtue."

"What is a raythrate, at all?"

"Dan made it. Let him tell you."

"I did that. I med it twicet. An', plaze God, I'll make it every year ontill I die."

"What is it, thin?"

"It—it's wonderful, intirely."

"Come, Dan," urged Father Casey, "Barney wants to hear the details. How do you make a retreat? What do you do? How long does it last?"

"How long?—is it? Not long at all, but too short. On'y four days, an' all th' byes wishin' it was a month. Ah, thim is th' wise la-ads that laves the sin an' the wickedness av th' wur-rld and jines the Mission'ry Fathers and spends their whole life in the blessed peace of that holy house."

"You go to the chapel, I suppose, and they preach sermons to you?" prompted Father Casey.

"Not sermons—no—not sermons, for ye never feel sleepy. Th' bell rings every wance in so often, an' ye have a luk at th' list on the dure—like a railroad time table, it is—that tells ye where to go when th' bell rings at eight-forty-five and what to do when th' bell rings at nine-thirty-three, an' so on. Well, ye can't find th' place at all, wid all thim figgers, so sez you, mebbe it's time to eat, you sez, an' ye don't want to miss it, for th' air at Marianella gives you a turr'ble appetite, an' the Brother cooks such fine wholesome food widout anny frills or furbelows,—an' lashins av it. So ye heads for the rayfecth'ry, but th' Father Rector comes an' shoes ye all into th' chapel. An' ye thries first this knee and thin that, but, ach murther, they're both sore from all the prayin', an' ye forgets what Father James tould ye, as to how ye ought to be makin' penance for your sins, an' you slides back on the edge av th' pew for a little comfort. Bimeby, out comes Father James wid his white face an' the big cross on his chist. Shure th' holy man doesn't see ye at all, but makes straight for the althar and talks to th' Blessed Lord there. An' you sthops mumbling your Haily Marys, for isn't

Father James tellin' God the very things you wanted to tell Him, but cuddn't—an' in such a way that Jesus an' His Blessed Mother can't say, no—they just can't."

"Doesn't he talk to ye at all?" Barney was growing interested.

"He should, bedad. He should, for th' time table sez, a confirince—that's what they calls thim talks—a confirince by Father James. But th' dear man loves Our Blessed Lord so much that, when he sees Him there on the althar, he forgets all about th' confirince. On a sudden he remembers that Father Ractor sent him out there to talk to th' min. So up he gets an' takes a chair down by the althar rail. 'My dear min,' sez he, 'let us love the good God,' he sez. An' thin he takes a kay an' he opens up yer heart an' lets ye have a luk at it. You see how proud it is, an' ongrateful an' selfish an' sinful. An' you see how th' dear Lord suffered for that worthless heart av yours an' washed it so often in His Precious Blood, an' how every time you tuk it an' threw it back agin in th' slime an' th' mire. Ah wirra, ye never had an idee what that heart av yours was like till Father James opened it up an' showed it to you—aye, made you look at it, whether or no."

"Sure, the good man did not keep you in the chapel all the time, did he, Dan?"

"Wisha, no, yer Reverence,—though you would be glad enough if he did. But after a few minutes—leastways, it seems like a few minutes—he sthops. Let ye go out now, byes, he sez, an' let ye take yer bades, he sez, an' let ye *think*, sez he. How can I think? sez you. Thinkin' is for thim as has book larnin'. Out ye go, however, for at the raythrate you do what yer tould like a slip av a bye. An' you walk up an' down the cloisther, where the stones are worn by the feet av these holy min, sayin' yer Patthernaves. Or mebbe ye go beyant to the big stone cross wid Jesus upon it an' th' Sorrowful Mother beneath an' Mary Magdillon an' St. John. Thin ye do nawthin' at all but look an' look, but that same lookin' does yer heart a wur-rld av good. Or mebbe ye go down to the wuds, an' pretty soon ye find yourself sittin' on an ould mossy stone or a stump av a log, an' the little bur-rds God med for us, come an' sing to you, an' a lizard crawls over yer boot. An' you lose yer place in the bades, an' wur-rds your mother said to you long years ago, God rest her, come back to you. An' bedad, nawthing looks th' same as it did last week. Ye'r no longer worried about that little investment—what's a few miserable dollars annyway?

Nor about that pain in th' chist, that mebbe is heart disease. If it is, shure, God sent it, welcome be His holy will. The things th' busy min in th' city think so big, look mighty little an' insignificant to ye now. Ye see how foolish it was for you to be sayin' ye'd lick Terence Lally at sight—an' your boastin' av the browls ye'd been in, while you should have been sthrikin' yer wicket breast an' askin' God to forgive ye your sins. An' you begin to figger cuddn't ye mebbe wash up an' go to Confession av a Sathurday evening, so's to receive every Sunda', since th' Blessed Lord is there waitin', waitin' for you, the way Father James says."

"Must ye talk to nobody at all for four days?" queried Barney with growing alarm.

"Oh, yes, afther meals—durin' th' meal wan av th' Fathers reads to us from the life av a saint—afther th' meals we gather in groups for a smoke an' a chat, an' Father Rector goes from group to group, askin', did ye byes have enough to ate, I dunno? an' tellin' av the quare things he saw on his travels. Th' rest av th' day, according to the time table, is silence. But, shure, I asked Father James in private, an' he tells me 'is no sin to pass a few wur-rds wid wan av the byes in a quiet sort av a way, especially if there's something ye can't howld till the next recreation."

"What else do you do?"

"Why, everything that's marked on the time table: th' morning Mass, the holy way av the cross, this thing an' that thing, until, begob, befure ye know it, 'tis th' last day as the raythrate. Ye confess to good old Father Malcolm—not in the box wid th' screen bechune ye—no, you go right into his cell, wid th' big books scathered all about him, an' ye kneel down wid yer elbows on th' table, an' ye sthart to tell him yer sins. God help us, what a mighty big job ye thought ye had on your hands! But, begor, you've hardly begun before he knows thim betther thin you do yerself. An' he tells them for you an' shows you how easy it is to be good an' not offend th' dear God, an' he makes a big sign av' th' cross that rubs thim all away, as ye used to rub away the wrong answer to a sum in multiplication, an' you come out av his cell feelin' as light as a feather an' as gay, bedad, as a lark. You go home an' you find the family wonderfully improved. They don't make you mad an' cuss th' way they used to. Th' next Sunda' at St. Mary's, Mass doesn't seem half so long as it did before. An' all through the

week yer surprised yerself to find how often ye do be sayin', Jesus, Mary help me, or mebbe, a bit av a Haily Mary, while yer slappin' the morthar on a brick. Wisha, Father Tim 'tis great intirely."

"I am sure it is," replied the priest. "Barney here could not do better than to make the next retreat and see for himself."

"How did the Mission'ry Fathers get the idee to do that sort av thing?"

"There is nothing new about the idea of retreats, Barney. In every large city in this country and Europe, too, there are houses to which serious-minded men can retire to make a retreat of several days. Those who cannot leave their work so long can make what is called a week-end retreat. Even that is of untold benefit. In fact, ever since there were men on earth, those that clearly understood the meaning of human existence and honestly desired to live up to the purpose for which God created them, have made retreats in some form. The essence of a retreat is simply to get away from the distracting thoughts and occupations of everyday life and go somewhere for a time where one can think and pray."

"An' listen to th' bur-rds," added Barney slyly.

"There may or may not be birds in the case," said the priest, "but every being created for the sole purpose of serving God, must face that fact squarely, either in this life or in the next. It is better to face it here and fashion one's conduct accordingly, than be forced to face it hereafter and find that one has failed. Let me show you what I mean. This shop of yours, Barney, has grown to be quite an establishment with expensive equipment and a force of helpers, how do you know whether it pays or not?"

"I keep my accounts up to the minute," replied Barney proudly, "an' the figgers in th' books tell me it does pay."

"The saving of your immortal soul is a more important business for you than this shop, and more complicated too. If you are wise, you will take a few days off at the monastery every year to balance the books and make sure that you are conducting it on successful lines. You don't take any chances on this shop—I know you well—you have taken out insurance to cover every possible loss."

"Thru for you, Father Tim."

"Use the same prudent care regarding your eternal salvation. Make the yearly retreat and take out an insurance on your soul."

"What about my night an' morning prayer, my Sunda' Mass, my Easter and Christmas Juty? Isn't that an insurance on my soul?"

"All depends on how you perform these acts of religion. If you never take time for serious thought and self-examination, the chances are you perform them more like a machine than a rational being. In that case, they do you as much harm as good, because you are treating holy things in a disrespectful manner. There's a flaw in your insurance policy, and you don't even see it. Every priest, every sister, spends several hours in prayer daily, yet they would fear losing their souls if they did not make a long retreat every year to arouse their faith and take stock of their spiritual affairs. To live like a child of God in the midst of the constant distractions of the world, is no easy thing, Barney."

Barney was tracing designs of imaginary cart wheels and plow shares on the anvil with his sledge hammer. He was thinking hard.

"If I were afther spendin' four days at the monasth'ry sayin' my bades, Duggan an' O'Rafferty wud never let me hear the last av it," he said at length.

"Why, they have both signed up for the next retreat themselves."

"Wud you mind tellin' thim, Yer Reverence, that they can come along wid me in my car-r," said Barney.

CHRISTIAN LIPS

St. Chrysostom, the great Christian preacher of the fourth century, thus exhorts the faithful of his day:

"Thou hast a spiritual mouth sealed by the Holy Spirit. Ponder well the dignity of that mouth of thine. Thy dwelling place is heaven. Thy converse with the angels. Thou art deemed worthy of the kiss of the Lord in Communion. By so many and so great things has God adorned thy mouth: with hymns, the hymns of the angels; he has adorned it with more than angel's food, with His kiss, with His embrace. And darest thou speak ill?"

The lesson is just as pertinent today.

"Sublime words make not a saint and a just man; but it is a virtuous life that makes one dear to God."—*Imit.*

Maggy

CHAPTER I. THE CHOICE

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH BY T. Z. AUSTIN, C. SS. R.

Maggy! It was supposed to be an English diminutive of Margaret—not the prettiest. But Maggy, in this case, was not an English girl. She was Margaret Lekeux, and lived in Liege, Belgium, where she was born in 1892.

Her parents were not very well off, and the house in which they lived was very plain, like those of working people in their section of the city. It must have been a truly Christian home, however. Heroism was developed within its walls.

Margaret was a heroine, not in war, but in life. Not that heroism came natural to her; it cost her a mighty struggle. She was just nineteen as we get to know her, and the dreams of youth glowed golden in her fancy.

"What's the matter with you, Maggy?" said her brother to her one day, as they were alone in the sitting room. "What are you dreaming about?" She was seated at the window, her face lit up with the rays of a glorious setting sun, dream-light in her eyes. Her brother, Martial, was a student at the seminary, preparing for the priesthood and about to enter the Franciscan Order. He was twenty-six at the time.

"Dreaming about?" asked she, awakening from her brown study. "Oh—the old story—you know how I'd like to continue my studies and go on to the University—to live in an intellectual atmosphere—to plunge into the light—to be loved for this beauty and merit it—and to love in turn the being of my choice; this is the life I see in my dreams before me. It almost seems as if my lips were already touched to the cup of glory and love."

A smile played on her face as she spoke to her older brother, making it really beautiful. Martial studied her a moment and had to admit to himself that she was just the type to attain and enjoy such a life; she was talented, vivacious, independent, fond of books.

"But why does your smile grow wan, Maggy?" he asked at length.

"Has it grown wan?" she replied, with just a faint suggestion of a sigh. "I suppose it has. You know, Martial. One doubt tortures me. Father and mother are getting on in years and they have little enough to

live on. They can hardly provide for the home and for the schooling of the little ones who are still in their grades. You are about to leave for the monastery—and you must go; I would not have you give up your great calling. Tell me, Martial, what would you do if you were in my place?"

Martial had seated himself at the table and had begun to write. At this question he laid his pen aside and looked at his sister for a while in silence. The question stunned him momentarily.

"What shall I do?" repeated Maggy. "I would like to continue my studies; father and mother want me to take up teaching school and help to support the home. They haven't the least idea what a sacrifice they are demanding of me. Martial, I tell you, I'd rather die! You know yourself how I long to study, how I long to be free, to follow a career, to be surrounded with beautiful things and friends according to my tastes. This is life to me. To be a school-teacher! To be chained down, day after day, to the same stupid drudgery! Don't you see that this is worse than death to me? I loathe it. Can anyone ask this of me? I am not yet twenty!"

Her brother pitied her in her distress of soul. He well understood that she was capable of this superior life and that an existence as a school-teacher was extremely distasteful to her. But, with his lofty ideals, his thoughts rose naturally into higher currents. Had he not, too, burnt the things he once adored? And what happiness—real happiness—he had found in the sacrifice! She will understand, he said to himself; I know it. He rose, took the little book of the Gospels that lay on the table, and turning quickly to a well-worn page, he said:

"I do not dare to answer you, Maggy; it is a question of a life's decision. But listen." Then he read from the Gospel:

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and come and follow me. . . . If the grain of wheat that is cast into earth die not, it remaineth sterile; but if it die, it shall bring forth fruit in abundance. . . . Whosoever would save his soul, let him lose it; whosoever loses his life for me, shall save. . . . What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul? . . . What will a man give in exchange for his soul?"

The words stung the girl somehow, as if her brother meant to reproach her with low views. She was not worldly-minded; she really had a deep fund of piety.

"My aims, my intentions are good," she protested with some warmth. "Do you think I am just seeking wealth and comfort? No. For me, too, the supreme Good is God, and I am resolved to love Him with all my heart. But is there only one way? I wish indeed to make my life worth while, to make it as noble as possible."

"Do you really wish, Maggy, to give it the highest possible grandeur and beauty? Do you wish even to become a saint?" He said it somewhat hesitatingly, for he did not know whether he would frighten her by the high demands he made.

"Yes," she replied with evident sincerity, "I do. But must I be a school-teacher to do this?"

"Self denial for you," replied Martial, taking up the Gospel thought, "and the cross for you, is just that, because it is so hateful to you; your poverty is just that of the spirit, because it frightens and pains you so; your life is just this seeming death."

Maggy rose slowly and went in silence to her room. That very evening, when they were gathered about the family table, she announced that she would, as father and mother wished, take up teaching. The decision was made. In a few days she was attached to the cross from which she had shrunk so long. She asked for a position in the school at Seraing-les Comunes, the most poverty-stricken section of the workmen's quarter in Liege.

Christianity was little known there. The school was only of recent foundation, and it took all the zeal of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul to put up the school and manage it under prevailing conditions. The children, badly brought up, vicious, afflicted with hereditary vices, were poor, deformed little creatures that rebelled against every effort to train their minds and hearts.

The position necessitated Maggy's staying at the place. She was the only lay person in the establishment and was given a room apart from the community. There she lived alone, without a friend, without anyone in whom she might confide. Her sacrifice was complete.

CHAPTER II. THE YOUNG TEACHER.

After a laborious day, made doubly trying by the wildness of the children in school and their quarrels outside, in which she heard a vocabulary she had never heard before, Maggy would spend her evenings in her lonely room going over the copy-books of her scholars.

They were just a mass of the most outlandish mistakes, enough to try anyone's patience. All her efforts—and she did not spare her energy in the least—seemed useless. Then it was that her heart would threaten to break. Then her dreams would again beat at the doors of her fancy. But she did not allow one word of complaint to escape, nor did she yield to the weakening fault of self-pity. She had come here, she told herself, precisely to forget herself.

Moreover, if her little room was isolated from the community, it had one advantage, and that incalculable in her eyes: It was next to the sacristy. She needed but to push open a door, take a few steps, and she was in the chapel—right near the communion-rail, at the very foot of the altar.

Here, in the shadows of the night, in the flickering glow of the tabernacle light, she brought her troubles and distress. She prayed. She prayed fervently, pouring out her whole soul to Him who was there. And her prayer, which had begun with a cry of pain, always finished with tears of joy. She felt herself here wrapped round with a tenderness so sweet that she forgot all and lost herself in love of God. Then, when she rose from her knees and started back to her work, it seemed to her that Jesus was in her heart and that she bore Him away with her. Having found her Well-beloved, she no longer feared any sacrifice; love called for sacrifice; it multiplied her energies.

Now no longer content with her own class work, enough for any one person, she, with wonderful kindness and tact, did all she could to help the other teachers. For these services she was not always well repaid. In order to help a companion teacher whose health was poor, she took upon herself the work of correcting her copy-books. It took her till far into the night. One of the Sisters found it out, and as Maggy herself was rather delicate in health, she spoke of it to the companion teacher. This girl, under the impression that Maggy had made some complaints, came to her and bitterly reproached her.

"If it wearies you to do this little thing for me," she said, "why don't you say so, and I'll do the work myself."

Maggy simply smiled. She saw there was some misunderstanding. She let the whole storm break over her and at the end said:

"Dear, won't you let me continue helping you?"

Her companion left completely subdued. She had never met such noble conduct.

"Maggy is an angel," she said to others. And all who had come to know her, agreed.

Little by little, too, the effect of her work began to show itself in her scholars. Their hearts warmed to their teacher and they gave themselves up entirely to her influence. But before a year was up, Maggy's health began to fail. Serious symptoms appeared: loss of appetite, loss of sleep, anemia. At last she was forced to give up her work and return to her family.

A little rest did her a world of good. Being freed from the daily grind that was so repulsive to her nature, was just like breathing her native air again. No sooner did she feel herself somewhat restored than she took up her cross once more. This time she took a position at the school of the Sisters of St. Mary, close to her home.

By this time Maggy had acquired very definite views about teaching. According to her, the role of the Christian school was to be Christian, apostolic, catechetical; instruction was secondary to this in her scheme. As she put it in her naive way:

"One thing only is as necessary for these children as for me; these souls are confided to me—these I must give back to them enriched. It is necessary, and it is sufficient, that I give them God; what matter if the rule of three or the agreement of the participle suffer a bit?"

Of course they did not suffer. She was considered an excellent teacher by all. But she never scrupled to interrupt a lesson, when occasion offered, to speak of the good God, and she extended to its fullest length the half hour devoted to catechism. She was rearing citizens, not cramming minds with a motley of information.

Between classes, during remission time, she mingled with her scholars, or took one or the other aside. Then from the depths of her heart, so full of divine love, would escape some burning word, some opportune remark, that fell like good seed on these little souls. It was not long before almost every one of her pupils was going to Holy Communion daily. She herself rose early, assisted at Mass in the Franciscan Church, returned for her breakfast, and then was with her children at the parochial Mass, at which they communicated. Every Monday evening she gathered the older children around her and led them to the conference of the Holy Family which was held at the Redemptorist Church about two miles away.

(To be continued.)

The Maid of Orleans

XXXII. VICTORIOUS IN DEATH

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. SS. R.

Scarce were the ashes of the Maid scattered on the waves of the Seine, when the English under Warwick set out on a new campaign to reconquer the land Joan had wrested from them. Joan was no more—what could stop them now?

Joan's predictions? Had they not convicted her and burnt her duly as an imposter?

And yet, one by one Joan's words came true. In fact, one of the witnesses at the process of rehabilitation, struck by the evidence, left on record the following remark:

"If it pleased God that she should die before she had accomplished what she had been sent to do, after her death she hurt the English even more than she did during her life; and despite her death, all that she came to do was accomplished. And it happened so by the grace of God as is apparent and is commonly admitted."

In 1435 Duke Philip of Burgundy was reconciled with the King of France as Joan had predicted, and signed the treaty of Arras, which deprived the English of their strongest ally.

In 1436, again in accordance with her words, the banner of France flew over Paris in consequence of Marshal de l'Isle-Adam's victory, and Charles VII at last entered his capitol.

In 1440 Charles, Duke of Orleans, who had been a prisoner among the English, regained his freedom as Joan had foretold.

In the following years, one by one, the cities and provinces that had recognized the English rule, returned, either of their own accord, or by force of conquest to French allegiance. With the fall of Bordeaux in 1453, the English lost their last foothold in France. "They shall all be driven out," said Joan repeatedly. They were.

XXXIII. THE TRIUMPH OF JOAN.

In order to throw dust in the eyes of the world and prevent any investigation of their shameful crime, the enemies of the Maid had, immediately after her execution, sent letters of explanation to all the courts of Europe and to the Holy See. This explanation, of course, was of a piece with the whole trial and just as untruthful. Lies were not

spared to blacken the character of Joan and of the French King who owed his crown to her. The King, it seems, made no effort whatsoever to save the honor of her who gave him a kingdom and a crown.

But, struck by the manifestly providential character of events in France since Joan's death, the Holy See, till now ignorant of the whole state of affairs, took cognizance of the request for a solemn revision of that fateful trial.

In May, 1452, Cardinal William d'Estouteville, Archbishop of Rouen, opened an investigation during which some twenty witnesses were heard. Special consultations were demanded by the canonists. The findings were so favorable that they wished the Holy See to appoint a tribunal with full power to pass an official judgment. Joan's mother, Isabelle Rommee, and her two brothers were chosen to make the formal request at Rome.

Pope Calixtus III received the request favorably. On June 11, 1455, by Pontifical rescript, he confided to John Jouvenel des Ursins, Archbishop of Rheims, William Chartier, Bishop of Paris, and Richard Olivier, Bishop of Coutances, the mission of reopening the former process of Rouen, to see whether Joan's sentence had been just, and to render a final sentence according to justice.

On November 7 of that year, the case was solemnly begun at Paris and the witnesses called for December 12. All precautions were taken to carry out the full canonical procedure in order to arrive at the truth. Important investigations were made at Orleans, Rheims, Lyons and Paris. At Domremy, Toul, Vaucouleurs, places where Joan's early life was spent, thirty-four witnesses were examined; at Orleans, the scene of her first triumph, forty-one; at Paris, twenty; at Rouen, nineteen. Altogether one hundred and forty-four witnesses testified, among them many who had taken some part in the former trial. Besides, all the documents of the first iniquitous trial were submitted to a most careful canonical examination.

On July 2, 1456, the investigation was at last closed. July 7 was set as the day for the sentence. It was given in the most solemn manner in the Archiepiscopal Palace at Rouen.

In the presence of the Inquisitor General of France, the representatives of the Holy See and of a great throng of people, the Archbishop of Rheims read the sentence:

"Clothed with the authority of the Holy See...having carefully

gone over and examined the original documents, acts, notes and protocols of the former process (against Joan of Arc),

"And having examined those of the counsellors of the former trial who responded to our summons to appear,

"And having seen the results of the present investigation at which the Inquisitor General of France and the acting Papal Delegate assisted,

"And having studied the testimonies of the witnesses heard in this trial,

"We declare, in the first place, because justice demands it, that the articles which were inserted in the former trial, which served as the basis for the pretended sentence against the deceased Joan, are corrupted, deceitful, calumnious, fraudulent and malicious; in them truth is suppressed and falsehood is shown in many substantial points, in such a way as to confuse the understanding of those who deliberated and pronounced sentence on these texts;

"For this reason, we cancel and annul these articles as false, calumnious, deceitful and contrary to the avowals of the accused, and by this judgment order that they be destroyed.

"In the second place, having examined the rest of the articles of the former trial and the sentence pronounced by her judges on Joan, and having carefully considered the character of these judges and of those who kept Joan in bondage,

"And having considered Joan's complete submission of all her words and acts to the Holy See and her appeal to the Sovereign Pontiff,

"We pronounce, decree and declare the former process and sentence full of lies, calumnies and manifest errors... and say that they are null and void. And as far as need be and right demands, we cancel, annul, and declare them void of effect.

"We declare that the aforesaid Joan... by that trial contracted no stain of infamy. We order that the execution and solemn publication of this, our present sentence, shall be made twice, namely

"Today, in the square of St. Ouen, (where Joan's first trial took place), after a general procession and public ceremony; and

"Tomorrow in the Old Market Place, at the very spot where Joan met her cruel and horrible fate in the flames; at the same time there will take place a public function and the erection of a cross to serve as a perpetual memorial of her....

"We declare that we reserve to ourselves to further execute and

publish for the honor of her memory, this our sentence in all cities and places of the realm, wherever we find it good....

"Given at Rouen in the Archiepiscopal Palace, in the year of Our Lord, 1456, the seventh day of the month of July."

The crowd dispersed and the procession to the Square of St. Ouen formed at once. Very probably, and very fittingly, it was William Bouille, one of the judges appointed by the Holy See, who pronounced the eulogy of Joan and the rehabilitation of her spotless name.

It was here, in this very square, that the nineteen-year-old Joan, harried by her enemies, worn down by long confinement and sufferings, had declared three times: "I appeal to our Holy Father, the Pope." Alas, her appeal was not submitted to him. But today the Pope, through his representative, in reply to that appeal, declared the innocence of the Maid.

Charles VII—at last that ungrateful king seems to have been stirred—informed of the results of the re-trial, sent a special embassy to the Pope to express his gratitude.

XXXIV. THE GLORY OF JOAN.

As the years rolled on the glory of Joan grew. It would take a volume simply to list all the books inspired by the story of the Maid.

When Joan came the first time to Orleans and delivered it from its foes such a glory surrounded her that the grateful people, despite her remonstrances, venerated her like an angel sent from heaven. This was made an accusation against her at her first trial. But Joan replied:

"I could do nothing to prevent such effusions if God did not prevent them."

Veneration for her increased year by year. In 1869, the well-known and scholarly Bishop Dupanloup of Orleans, for the annual celebration in honor of the Maid, called together the Bishops of all the places Joan had visited during her career, and pronounced an eloquent discourse on the sanctity of our heroine. At the close all the prelates present signed a petition addressed to Pope Pius IX, then Pope, asking that Joan of Arc be numbered among the Blessed.

In 1874 the cause was officially opened with an extensive inquiry into the virtues and holiness of Joan. The result of this investigation, which also revealed numerous and extraordinary favors obtained through her intercession, proved so favorable, that Pope Leo XIII, then

reigning, signed the decree empowering the Sacred Congregation of Rites to commence the Process of Beatification, January 27, 1894. Among those on the commission were the internationally known historians, Godefroy Kurth of Belgium, and George Goyau of France. The evidence gathered made a volume of some three thousand pages folio. Bishop Touchet himself presided at all the sessions and brought the results to Rome. When Pope Leo asked him why he took this severe burden on himself, the prelate replied:

"It was a matter of convincing myself. When I was made Bishop of Orleans I had no clear idea of the sanctity of Joan of Arc. I admired her as all the world did; but sanctity? I suspected it, perhaps; but that was all—I had never considered it carefully. I wanted to see it—or not see it. Here is the evidence. I believe with all my strength in the sanctity of Joan."

On January 6, 1904, the 492nd anniversary of Joan's birth, the decree declaring the heroicity of her virtues was published. Pius X was then in the chair of Peter.

The miracles said to have been wrought through Joan's intercession were then submitted to the usual searching examination. They were numerous. Two were finally accepted. The first was the cure in 1900 of a Benedictine nun, who lay dying of ulcers of the stomach and had already received the last Sacraments. She had been given up by the doctors. On the last day of a novena to Joan, she suddenly rose from her bed, assisted at Holy Mass, and went about her ordinary work.

The second happened in 1893. Jules Gauthier suffered since he was ten years old with an incurable ulcer. The pains he endured were terrible. He had himself carried to church to implore the aid of the Venerable Joan of Arc. Suddenly, to the surprise of the doctors and all present, he was completely cured.

Sister Jeanne-Marie Sagnier was the subject of the third miracle, in 1890. Ulcers and abscesses had formed in her limbs which doctors declared to be tubercular. They resisted all curative means of the doctors. On the fifth day of a novena in honor of Joan of Arc she suddenly rose from her bed entirely cured.

In consequence of these findings, on April 18, 1909, Joan was declared Blessed by Pius X.

A prescription of the ordinary ceremonial of beatification requires the Pope to venerate the relics of the one beatified on the eve of the

solemn declaration. Pius X could not perform this rite in the case of Joan because there were no relics of the Maid.

At once steps were taken to bring about her canonization. From the number of new miracles submitted the Sacred Congregation selected two as fully meeting the demands of the most critical examination. One, the sudden and instantaneous healing of a tumor of tubercular character, the other the instantaneous cure of tubercular and organic lesion of the right lung. On April 6, 1919, in the presence of Pope Benedict XV, the last session was held and the decree declaring the validity of the miracles was read.

In May, 1920, the canonization was solemnly proclaimed.

This was Rome's answer to Joan's cry: I appeal to the Pope. From the stake where the flames consumed her body, she stepped to the altar where she is enveloped in glory. Condemned to infamy by victorious malice, she is now crowned with the halo of sanctity.

And today Joan is victorious still over the hearts of men.

THE END.

THE VALUE OF MOMENTS

It was especially by momentary recollection, by means of ejaculatory prayer, that Father William Boyle, S.J., sought to sanctify the passing moment and to condense perfection into the immediate present.

When he was tempted to break a resolution, or when he shrank from some sacrifice, he used to say five times to himself:

"Will you refuse to do this for the love of Jesus?"

By means of such aspirations he sharpened his will to instant action, we are told in his biography, and brought into play all the accumulated motive power of the past. . . . He had a wonderful idea of the value of aspirations, short prayers that can be said almost in a breath, as a source of grace and merit.

"If I knew I should receive one pound sterling for each one I made," he used to say, "I would not waste a spare moment. And yet, I get infinitely more than this though I often fail to realize it."

"A pure, simple, and steadfast spirit is not distracted by the multitude of things he has to do; for he does all for the honor of God, and strives to be free from all self-seeking."—*Imit.*

The Student Abroad AND POINTS EAST

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

In what lies the secret of the thrill that accompanies the anticipation of contemplated pleasure? Why is that thrill so universally experienced that it has become well-nigh proverbial? Is it mere sentimental yearning for the good promised? Is it a matter only of the imagination, disporting itself in the stock of the self-made visionings of the future?

The weather is too hot at this writing in this part of the world—we are just nearing the southern extremity of the Greek peninsula—to encourage such psychological wonderings. Besides—once an American always an American and an American is practical. So refusing to let the southern sun boil to vapor our natural temperament, American-like we face the fact, that as far as we are concerned, the anticipation of the joys of this trip has in itself been a treat. And this in spite of the exigencies and the vicissitudes that have made the days of preparation, sometimes anxious ones, always interesting. For there is many a slip between the final decision and the final farewell wave that bids adieu to the receding shore. Perhaps, without seeking it, we have stumbled on the answer to our first question: the “kick” in the anticipation lies in the uncertainty of attainment. It is that that puts the spice in the trip; that is the element that goes a long way to make a voyage memorable even should other features be lacking.

The annual expedition sent to the Holy Land under the auspices of the Pontifical Biblical Institute of Rome is always an occasion for a variety of thrills; but none has hitherto had more variety in unforeseen developments than that of the present year. Between the fluctuation of the exchange, which rarely benefits a traveler, and the number of nationalities represented and the number of widely different places to be visited, and the final climax—final as far as departure was concerned—of having the ship taken off its route without notice just when it was to begin its voyage; it has offered thrills sufficient for several trips.

Wherefore, picture gentle LIGUORIAN reader, your meandering student correspondent, hastily calling a taxi one bright morning towards the end of August, loading it with bag’n baggage, also himself armed with passport, ticket visas and other useful documents; equally hastily

making his way through still slumbering Naples to the dock, being allowed to pass the customs guard to the point where ostensibly his ship was waiting—to find the blue Mediterranean smiling blandly, and one intelligent longshoreman already primed with the lugubrious information that a strike had occurred at the moment of sailing and so left the ship still hanging onto its moorings at Marseilles.

Picture too, the return! After the "Death Watch" had finished its labors! The "Death Watch?" When American residents in Europe have to see a friend off to the boat, they commence with a party—they end with farewells. We didn't have a party but we had the farewells—and it is rather disconcerting to go through all the motions of good-bye—then to come back and realize it has to be done all over. It is like a youngster who gets vaccinated then has to return to the doctor with the report that it did not "take."

Then picture—if you can—the more or less frantic dashing to and fro to find out what really did happen and when the ship really would come, if ever, etc., etc. Thrills; plenty of them. Then the news that two weeks must elapse till the arrival of the next boat—business of hauling back the bag'n baggage, unpacking and explaining to all and sundry the whys and whereases.

Fortunately Naples is a good city in which to be stranded. One can walk or drive every day by a different way and find something new and interesting to beguile him. And every evening about sundown one can take the beautiful promenade by the sea and never find it tedious. For the sky—even of Naples, is fickle and fanciful and the beautiful bay reflects its every mood. And the ships come and go with charming irregularity and the fishing-boats pull in, furl their clumsy sails and give up their load of boisterous mariners and rest—adding their detail of quaint antiquity to the picture. And of course Vesuvius forms the background, sometimes smoking ominously, sometimes shooting a tame thin column of white vapor high in the air. At nightfall sometimes even the dull red glow reflecting its fiery heat, stands out clearly visible above the jagged outlines of the crater.

Naples has its treasures too that cannot be seen in a hurried visit of a few days' duration. To visit its famous museum with even a modicum of appreciation is a matter of more hours than the casual tourist has at his disposal. During the two weeks' enforced stay, one day was given to this alone. In addition to the usual collection of

antique masterpieces of sculpture recovered more or less intact during recent excavations, this is a charming gallery of mediaeval art with the pictures beautifully arranged. It is easy for the tyro in art to view and even begin to appreciate the quaint beauty of the Siennese school, for example, where the pictures are not piled one on top of the other—to economize space. Then the student of ancient Roman and Grecian history has a rich store of information awaiting him in the rooms given over to the remains taken from the excavations of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Utensils from the kitchen and the field, grains from the store-rooms, wines, heated by the lava till only a stone-like mass remained, even loaves of bread from the bakeries "done to a turn" by the volcanic heat, remain for all time in their glass cases. Reconstruction of Pompeian homes made by professors who base their work on the results of long investigation of ruins and remains, even an extensive reconstruction of the city itself are there permitting one to orientate himself in the midst of confusion of detail. This collection has now been completed; the latest finds are preserved in the places in which they are located, thus adding immeasurably to a visit to the famous ruins. Finally, to the student bound for the Orient, the lower rooms filled with treasures of Egyptian antiquity, in themselves are a treat that repays the trouble of taking in the Museum.

Then there are the two royal palaces, the one in the center of the city and the other just outside, on the summit of a lofty hill that commands a magnificent view of the city and the sea. Both are in magnificent condition, and fairly crammed with treasures of mediaeval and modern Italian art. On certain days, these palaces—now practically galleries for the display of modern Italian art—are thrown open to the public gratis. But as usual one passes through the splendid halls, finds himself leaving some time in the afternoon and regrets he has not thrice the time at his disposal.

But after all, one can become satiated with art and antiquities. Naples then opens her arms toward Posillipo and Castellamare and says: Behold! Capri, Nisida, Procida, Iselina—all island gems in the carpet of deep cobalt that stretches to the horizon. "All things come to him who waits," they say. Sometimes it is a wait that kills the joy of the thing that comes. Not so, a visit to Ischia.

The student had done his time in waiting, apparently, for suddenly one day there came the invitation to accompany a confrere to Ischia.

There was no hesitation in accepting—not even a pretense. Who could view those dreamy islands outlined against the crimson of the sunset, evening after evening, without desiring, nay, even longing to penetrate the nebulous mystery that hangs over them like their evening veil of mist.

So off for the boat one Sunday morning and off over the quivering bay, past grim St. Elmo and delicate Posillipo and castellated Nisida—at which point the poetry disappeared. For the sea began to rise a little and a large number of people became ill. It is a sort of English Channel here—a stretch of water subject to the whims of cross-currents and winds. By the time that sad scenes contingent on “mal-de-mere” were over Ischia with its fairyland shore and rugged skyline-remnants of ancient volcanic disturbance and its crowning peak of Mt. Epomeo—an extinct volcano—came into view. Charming little seaside towns straggling along the narrow, even stretches that lie between the mountains and the sea; little clusters of bright-colored homes that seemed to have fairly battled their way to the higher levels, and the long golden beach with its rows of bathing-cabins and tents—made Ischia a picture not soon to be forgotten.

But the landing! Three customs officials, clad in full uniform of white were on the narrow deck waiting for us. One cannot help wondering whether all they get in revenue even serves to pay their salaries. That is not the only feature, however. Our tiny steamer acts like a real grown-up liner—and demands the service of lighters. These heavy skiffs are stopped midway between the steamer and the shore till all the fares are collected. Again we wonder—just what would happen to a “dead-beat.” The only possible solution to such a situation seems to be that of tossing the lad overboard.

There is a beautiful tradition religiously held and passed along from generation to generation. It tells of the first coming of the island's patron and protectress, Santa Restituta. Martyred in Africa, her body was put in a bark and set afloat and it arrived at Ischia in a charming little bay, about a mile from the boat-landing. It was kept in the chapel of the parish church that was built in her honor till finally the precious relic was taken to the Cathedral in Naples. But there is a permanent memorial here to the Saint, a memorial of Nature's making. For not three yards away from the water's edge there rises to the surface a rich mineral spring of hot water. This, tradition says,

covers the spot where the precious remains first touched land. A covering of shrubbery covers the spring—and its waters are in constant use. This charming spot is almost totally unknown to the tourists—one reason being that there is no way of getting to it save by clambering over a long, hot, dusty road. But once there—what a treat! A beautiful beach—clear blue water, sky and sun perfect and plenty of time for a good swim in the salt water! In the midst of it all—as though a cue had been given, there appears beyond the two magnificent crags that guard the entrance—a flotilla of fishing boats. They for the shore. Their work has been done and they must dry and repair their nets. Across the beach—in two long brown lines, the gigantic nets are placed. Then a diligent search is made for any tears in the fabric—after which most of them curl up on the sand for a nap. The silence is intense; no railway whistles, no auto horns, no rumbling of street cars—only occasionally the high treble screams of three tiny lads—all browned by the sun—who are rolling around in the shallow water.

The island was visited by an earthquake many years ago and the place almost completely ruined. Gradually the little town came back to life with houses of the same shape and material as before save that in most cases the roofs are either wood or corrugated iron. Quaint little streets run parallel to each other, all of them beginning at the one principal street that runs along the shore, from the main thoroughfare of the town—and ends by becoming a footpath to the bay. No one is wealthy here; but all are content. Naturally tastes are quite simple and demands are few. Imagine then, the reposeful satisfaction of sitting on a loggia or balcony, high above the town—watch the distant glare of Naples in the heavens—the occasional glimpse through night mists on the sea of the lights on Vesuvius, the cluster of lights in the city—the straggling line of common bulb lights that illumine the streets and the long lines of darkened houses. Far out, the lights of a passing steamer bound for Genoa or for New York carry one's thoughts to other climes and emphasize the feeling of repose.

In the town the orphan boys' band directed by a priest is giving the town a concert. On the outskirts, a family with an American phonograph is treating the hillside inhabitants to the latest music. The muffled murmur of passing voices—then the music rising clear—then silence. Someday, someone will "discover" this little corner of heaven. Advertisements will appear in the papers—crowds will flock to these

tranquil shores—some hotels will spring up and the charm will be gone. But the Student will not be there to see the ruin. Memory carries a picture of the place as it is and of its lovable inhabitants as they are: simple, God-fearing, industrious and always jolly. It is human nature that the people, once viewing the advantages of wealth as shown in the few tourists who come here—should long to have the same. But one who has seen the effects of wealth on other similarly situated localities and people cannot but hesitate to wish this questionable benefit for these people. If—if they could retain their charm and innocent simplicity with the wealth—well, it seems it is done.

Comes the day of departure. The boat has come in—the boatmen treacherous as usual take advantage of the traveler's inconvenience and overcharge. Naples has not arrived at the stage of the mercantile game where real piers are put up for ocean vessels. But the damage is light—the tedious hours of confusion pass—the hawser is pulled in—and with a final salute of the French tri-color to some Italian war vessels just entering the harbor—we are off for Athens and points East.

A NOBLE REPLY

A young man came to his father to tell him of his desire to enter the priesthood.

"What are you thinking of?" replied the father, as if to try him. "You are the last of our family—with you it will come to an end."

"What an honor to our family," answered the young man—"to have it end with a priest!"

The father embraced and blessed his boy. The boy was Eugene de Mazenod. He became a Bishop and founder of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, an order, which today is spread throughout the world and laboring for Christ in every part of the globe. And Eugene de Mazenod's process of Beatification has been begun at Marseilles.

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"I wish to thank our dear Mother of Perpetual Help for aiding me during a very severe spell of asthma. In thanksgiving I am having a High Mass said in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help for the Poor Souls." Detroit.

Play Square

CHAP. VII. "COURAGE TO DO AND TO DARE"

J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.

The Polo Grounds that afternoon presented a scene only a New Yorker who has been present at a World Series game can appreciate. Banked tier on tier, with standing room at a premium, the mighty cohorts of baseball fans from all over the country sang and laughed and cheered for hours long before the game started. Happy were all who had secured the priceless boon of entrance. Some had waited all night to secure the few seats reserved for public sale. The bleachers, the real throne of democracy in America, were jammed, and on their hard seats bankers rubbed elbows with bricklayers.

Outside the gates all the police that could be spared, in fact, some who could not well be spared, pushed back the crowd from the gates and in vain strove to clear a line for traffic through a milling mob, double the number of the thousands inside the park. A New York team would win; but which? Business might go to smash, the wheels of commerce might clog, any old thing, in fact, might happen for all New York knew or cared that afternoon, so long as at the first possible instant every move in the Polo Grounds might be known to the humblest inhabitant within the confines of Father Knickerbocker's city.

At last the game began. A hush settled on the mighty throng to be broken by a roar of enthusiasm as the first Giant at bat singled cleanly to left field. On the Giant bench, Mac, the veteran leader of more than half a dozen such titanic struggles, sat, outwardly calm and cool as the proverbial icicle, hands and feet and head speaking the signal language his men knew well and his opponents tried in vain to solve. Beside him sat Wynn, nervously twisting his glove, all hope of pitching in the game gone glimmering, for Sallust was slated to pitch and the victor of yesterday was warming up in the bull pen. The Giants scored two runs on three hits and a base on balls in their half of the first before a man was out. The Yankee infielders signalled in vain to the bench for a change of pitchers. The manager was adamant. His pitching ace was in the box and he had staked all, win or lose, on his ability. His confidence was justified. The twirler settled down and with two men on base retired the next three batters in order by the strikeout route.

Wynn had warmed up thoroughly before the game and told Mac his arm was in perfect shape, but Mac had only nodded and sent him to the bench where he sat encased in a heavy sweater, mingled heat and nervousness causing perspiration to stream from him.

Salust was a young pitcher, capable but erratic. Hence Mac signalled for every pitch. The first, second and part of the third innings passed with the score unchanged. Then Sallust who had held the Yankees helpless during their first round at bat began to assert himself. He disobeyed a signal, used his own judgment and a single resulted. On the next man he obeyed orders and met the same fate, a badly fielded bunt, putting runners on first and second. The next man fled out to short right field and the greatest hitter in the world advanced to the plate swinging his famous heavy bats lightly with one hand and doffing his cap with the other. He dropped two of his three bats and with the famous bludgeon that had made him Home Run King smilingly faced Sallust.

Mac signalled furiously; Sallust grinned and shot the first ball, a sharp outcurve at which the Sultan only smiled and let pass. "Ball one," called the umpire. Offering No. 2 was likewise a ball. Without waiting for orders, Sallust shot the ball across the plate. "Strike one," yelled the umpire. Sallust looked cockily at the bench and smiled. Up went the hand of Little Napoleon. The umpire called "Time".

"Go out there, Wynn, and pitch," yelled Mac, hoarsely. "If we lose this game, I lose it. Obey orders, see! That's something that kid can't do."

Wynn leaped to his feet. His blood coursed madly through his veins. Yet coolly and determinedly he walked to the box. The mighty batter stepped aside, whilst Wynn tossed half a dozen balls to the catcher. The Babe stepped into the batter's box and the game was on again. Mac signalled for a high incurve. Wynn pitched it unerringly. The batter reached for it and fouled. The next was a high, wide outshoot and was called a ball. Three and two. The crowd was hushed. Would Mac order the batter passed and fill the bases or take a chance on the cool headed pitcher and order a strike?

"Curve-out, sharp, low," wigwagged the fingers on the manager's knee. Wynn passed the signal to his catcher and both knew it was to be a base on balls. With perfect control Wynn put all his speed on the horsehide and pitched the ball exactly according to orders. Like a bullet it sped. Swift as a flash, as soon as the ball left the hands of

Wynn, the Babe who had guessed the strategy stepped outward and forward. His bat met the ball with a mighty crash. Out into right field—far over the top of the grandstand sailed the ball, whilst the Babe preceded by two runners jogged leisurely around the bases while the mob went mad. The Babe had done it. The score was 3-2, and the adherents of the Yanks loudly proclaimed the "old game is on ice."

Wynn was utterly dejected, but determinedly he faced the next batters and retired them one-two-three, eliciting a feeble cheer from the crowd as the Giants strode to the bench. Little cared he for cheers or jeers; he felt that he was defeated and the hurt rankled in his bosom. Yet the words of his code leaped to his lips; "And if I should lose, let me stand by the road, and cheer as the winners go by." Ruth passed him on his way to the outfield. Wynn stuck out his hand with a grin and the Babe clasped it muttering "Hard luck old man." The stands went wild. Better sportsmanship New York had never seen and all New York loves a good sport.

"Sorry, Mac, I suppose I'm done," said Wynn sadly as he reached the bench.

"Who in Halifax said so?" rasped Mac. "Don't be a quitter. You did exactly what you were told to do. He outguessed us, that's all. Now, you boneheads, go out and get a brace of runs. This old game has only started. We'll drive that twirler to the showers yet. Wait him out. Let him pitch his fool arm off. You, Wynn, are going to stay in—so work. If they get ten runs—in you stay."

"Thanks a lot, Mac!" said Wynn and the game went on.

The Giants did not get a brace of runs that inning nor the next inning either. It remained for their famous "lucky seventh" to bring the first bright rays of hope. The Yanks had gone with only two scratch hits, runless and helpless for three innings before the masterly pitching of Wynn, but the rival twirler had also held Wynn's teammates helpless. Giltedged fielding and scintillating star plays made the game epochal. But the seventh dawned and the Giants scored two while the Yanks were unable to reach second base. The eighth passed and the score remained the same, and the Giants went scoreless in the first half of the ninth. The first Yank to face Wynn in the ninth went out by the strikeout route. Then the head of the batting list known to the world as "Murderers' Row," had to be faced again. Wynn, obeying orders, jockeyed with the next man trying to get him to bite at a bad ball—a base on balls resulted. The next batter lifted one of

Wynn's outshoots to short center for a single, while the other runner advanced to third. Babe was advancing to the plate and Mack signalled "on your own". In other words, he left the pitching to the judgment of Wynn. The case was desperate and victory or defeat lay in the hands of the former convict.

Now Busting Babe, the behemoth of baseball, has only one fear, as he himself has confessed a dozen times. Every ball driven by his mighty bat travels with the velocity of a bullet. Babe dreads lest some day one of the crashing grounders, he so often drives across second base will strike an opposing player and cripple him for life.

The world's series depended, it developed on just such a grounder. No man living has yet been able to field perfectly one of the Babe's sizzling grounders and few there are who do not step aside when such a grounder bounds irresistibly straight at him. The second ball pitched by Wynn was a high, straight ball—close to the batter. Babe's bat met it and crashed it straight at the pitcher.

Wynn did not step aside. He hurled himself upon the ball desperately. In vain did he try to hold it and throw it to first. The impact swung him clean around. The ball bounded from his glove and fell into the hands of the shortstop, who grabbed it hastily, touched second base and threw perfectly to first to catch the lumbering Babe a foot from the base—completing a double play that left the crowd speechless and ended the World's Series.

Call it luck—call it the break in the game—call it what you will; Wynn believed it the result of prayer. Ere the crowd recovered from its stupor of amazement he was on his way to the dressing room. To players and manager, who crowded around him there, while the crowd outside went mad, he extended a limp right hand. He seemed to be the least enthusiastic of the crowd, in fact, his apathy amazed them all. That is, until he suddenly turned white and sank, a senseless heap, on the floor. Blood oozing from the glove which he still wore, gave the key to the situation.

Wynn was lifted and borne tenderly to a couch. There the glove had to be cut from his swollen hand. The terrific smash of the ball on the hand of the only man who had ever stepped full in front of one of Babe's grounders had wrought dire damage. In fact, the rejoicing over his splendid victory had scarce died away before the bulletin boards of the city papers bore in black bordered heavy type the sad announcement which proved to be only too true:

"Hand of Will Wynn, Giant Winning Pitcher, Ruined by Stopping Ruth's Grounder. Wynn Will Never be Able to Play Baseball Again."

CHAP. VIII. ON AN UNFAIR FIELD

Father Dan Dowling raised his head from the spiritual book in which he was engrossed. Father Dan, like many another busy priest, used hours which should have been devoted to well-earned repose, in giving his own soul the spiritual food which it required, but which the thousand and one cares and duties of his day prevented him from absorbing save in the midnight hours.

Father Dan laid aside the book with a sigh, and turning a look of patient, cheerful resignation at the crucifix above his desk murmured: "All for Thee, O Lord." Then to himself: "Another sick call, I suppose," he said as he took up the telephone whose jangling had interrupted his reading. "Hello! Father Dowling speaking," he murmured into the transmitter. Then he was galvanized into quick attention by the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Yes—yes," eagerly, "Mary Brawley? What on earth can be the matter to make you call at this unearthly hour? In tears, too, eh? What? You say he hasn't come in nor phoned? Yes—you phoned the College? Left there at five o'clock and said he was going straight home and rest for tomorrow's game? Wait, child! Wait where you are. I'll be over in a few minutes." And Father Dan hung up the receiver, quickly donned his collar and coat and dashed out of the house, murmuring: "Good Lord, if anything has happened to young Tom Brawley, it will be terrible!"

A short brisk walk brought him to the tenement whose fourth floor housed Mary Brawley and her brother, Tom. A flicker of light from the flashlight a New York priest invariably carries on his night trips to the darksome tenements guided him up the lightless staircases to the door of the Brawley apartment. His step had been heard and Mary Brawley, her eyes red with weeping and her handsome face clouded by anxiety, ushered the priest into the sitting room. To get to the sitting room one had to pass through two bedrooms and the combination kitchen and dining room, for a New York tenement flat of the middle class contains invariably four to six rooms screened from one another only by curtains and with one door serving as entrance from the hall. Father Dan noticed that Mary had the gas stove turned low and food still warming, awaiting the return of Tom.

"Now, Mary, my child," said Father Dan affectionately, "don't be spoiling your beauty by crying. Sure, the boy is in God's hands and He will not allow anything to happen to him."

"I know, Father," said Mary. "I got down on my knees and asked our Blessed Mother to protect him as soon as I began to fear that something was wrong. I have said my rosary twice for Tom already and I don't know how many ejaculations and Hail Mary's."

"Well, then he's surely safe with so many prayers," said Father Dan. "But what makes you so sure something has happened to Tom?"

"Why, Father, it's the first time he stayed away for supper without phoning me. He goes to a show now and then with the boys, but he always phones and lets me know."

"But he may have gone to the house of a friend for the night," said the priest. "You know they have those 'pep talks' the night before the game. He may have gone there and then stayed in Fordham with a teammate."

"No, Father, I thought of all that. I phoned to the College and got Gegan on the phone. He said the fellows were all wondering where Tom could be, but that they thought he had done the wisest thing and had come home to rest. When Gegan found I was anxious and had not seen Tom since morning he became alarmed too. He phoned later and he said he had inquired of everybody quietly so as not to alarm the team, but no one had seen him since five o'clock. Talley saw him then walking towards the subway. You know, Father Dan, Tom never stayed with any one excepting Dick Gegan. So if anyone would know Dick would be the man. He's on his way down here now."

"Well then, child, since you have done everything I myself could have done to locate him in the usual channels, I suppose we had better take some other means. I'll stay right here so as to let you know everything that is being done. So sit down child and let me use the telephone."

Mary sat down, rosary in hand, and Father Dan, for the next fifteen minutes proceeded to make the wires burn. Just as he sat back at the end of his telephoning the doorbell rang and Mary admitted Dick Gegan. Dick carried his arm in a sling and his face was a picture of misery and gloom.

"Gee! This is sure hard luck, Father Dan," said Dick. "Tom Brawley missing, and me with a broken arm—the only real substitute

quarterback, excepting Talley—and he's never reliable. A good man—and his whole soul in the team, but too darn temperamental; never know when he's going to blow up."

"Well, why worry? Tom is bound to appear. You don't think he's dead, do you?" Mary quivered at this question, but Father Dan was laughing, so she brightened somewhat.

"No, Father," said Gegan emphatically, "that's one thing I do know. Tom isn't dead. I phoned the morgue and the police. But Father, I think he's been kidnapped."

"Kidnapped," ejaculated Father Dan—"just what I was fearing. But why? By whom? For what reason?"

"I'm not certain of it, mind, Father," said Gegan, "but I'm afraid of it."

"You don't think your opponents had anything to do with it, do you?" asked the priest. "Remember, the odds were two to one on your team."

"I know. But those who put up such odds don't know the strength of the Columbia eleven," said Gegan. "The teams are really quite evenly matched. I know Columbia has had nothing to do with Tom's disappearance. In fact, I phoned the Columbia captain and he helped me in every way possible. Even offered, if it could be managed, to postpone the game."

"What did you tell him?" asked Father Dan.

"Well, the coaches of our team, excepting Mr. Winn, whom we couldn't locate, our manager and two of the Fathers met some of the Columbia team and unanimously agreed it would be unfair to the public and unsportsmanlike for us to ask a postponement. So Tom or no Tom—we are going to play. Take a licking, I'll say, if Tom doesn't show up."

"But who on earth could be interested in getting Tom out of the way?" asked Father Dan.

"The gamblers," answered Gegan soberly. "You know, Father, our fellows don't bet, and the Columbians don't plunge very heavily. But there never has been so much interest in a game or so much heavy betting by the general public for years and years. With the odds two to one on us, the money players could make a nice clean-up if they were sure we'd lose."

"I see," said Father Dan.

"Besides, Tom was approached to throw the game, which makes suspicion almost certainty, that the gamblers are in heavy and are determined to make a clean-up," said Gegan.

"They picked the wrong man when they asked my brother to sell out his team," said Mary indignantly. "Tom told me about it, Father, and I should have mentioned it to you. A man offered him two thousand dollars to throw the game and Tom told him it couldn't be done. And even if it could—he'd be the last man in the world to try it. Tom said the fellow got ugly and threatened him. But my brother only laughed at him."

"It would be easy to throw a game," said Gegan. "A fumble or two at the right time might easily pass unsuspected and yet give a team like Columbia an opening to victory. But Tom would never do that."

"Then it looks almost certain that they have gotten him out of the way till after the game," said Father Dan. "The fact that they approached him with a bribe shows that whoever is interested realized that Tom Brawley is the mainstay of Fordham. Mary, child, I am glad it is no worse."

"It's bad enough, Father, God knows," said Mary, beginning to cry.

"Yes. But child, there is no real danger to him," said Father Dan. "These things or similar have been done before. All they will do is to keep him out of the way till after the game; then turn him loose in an out-of-the-way place and leave him to make his way home as best he can. It only remains for us to try and find him before game time for the sake of Fordham."

Mary was reassured by the priest's statement; for she, as all good people of the parish, had implicit confidence in the sagacity of the dear old "Shepherd of the Goats." Shortly afterward the doorbell rang again and through the speaking tube Mary bade the caller come up.

"A man from the Police Headquarters to see you, Father," said she as she turned to leave the room preparatory to admitting the visitor to the sitting room via the usual entry—namely, bedrooms, kitchen and dining hall.

The caller proved to be Inspector Gary, assigned to the case by Headquarters at Father Dan's request. His message to Father Dan proved that the New York police are rapid workers.

Tom had been seen being carried into a taxicab from the subway

entrance by a nearby storekeeper, who thought the lad who wore a Fordham sweater, an injured player being taken home by companions. The description of the men who were with Tom tallied with that of two well-known hirelings of the gambling fraternity. The taxicab number had been taken, as it dashed away, by the traffic officer on duty, as it had violated the law by stopping directly in front of the subway entrance to receive its passengers. He had turned it in with his daily reports at six o'clock and it was identified thus as a cab reported stolen by its legitimate owner. The cab itself had been found abandoned on a Westchester road and so the police agreed with the surmise of Father Dan and his friends that Tom had been spirited away to prevent his playing. Westchester was being scoured for the crooks and their victim and the police would strain every nerve to locate Tom before daylight.

But they did not locate Tom before daylight, nor in the forenoon either, and when Will Wynn sent his charges on the field preparatory to the opening whistle, the team was without its mainstay, Tom Brawley, the plucky little quarterback. It was an unfair field but Fordham was determined to do or to die and the hearts of the players were in their voices as they chanted defiantly their war cry prayer:

"And if we should win, let it be by the code,
With our faith and our honor held high;
And if we should lose, let us stand by the road,
And cheer as the winners go by!"

But neither players nor rooters could imagine the feelings that stormed in the breast of Will Wynn. It was a doubly unfair field for him with the duty of directing his team unfalteringly, while his heart was torn with anxiety for the quarterback, whom he alone of all that fought on that field knew to be his son.

(To be Continued)

THE CONSEQUENCE

"If you destroy the houses of prayer, upon their ruins you shall be obliged to build barracks and prisons."

Thus wrote DeMaistre. France saw the fulfillment when it laid hands on religion. Mexico ought to take a lesson.

Catholic Anecdotes

ILLITERACY

Father Matteo, who has become so well known because of his crusade in favor of Jesus the King of the Christian Family, tells the following incident:

"I was preaching at Lourdes. One evening, when tired from work I went down to the grotto of Our Lady; I saw a peasant farmer coming towards me—a man in the flower of his years. He touched me familiarly on the arm.

"Tell me, Father," he said, "was it you who preached today at the Basilica?"

"Yes, my friend," I answered.

"Oh, it was fine!" he went on. "Our Lord introduced into the family, becomes the friend, the consoler, the King of love. How beautiful! See, these many years that I have been going to Communion every day and making the Holy Hour every Thursday, I have been praying to God for the establishment of just such a crusade to have Jesus made the true King of the Family."

"And he continued to develop his thought, speaking to me of the love of Jesus, of His reign, and so on. I listened, astonished, but happy."

"But, my friend," I finally interjected, "we cannot remain here very long. Would you mind coming to the hotel with me and we can continue our conversation."

"To the hotel!" he replied. "No—it is impossible. I have my chores to attend."

"Well, then, could you come to see me this evening at eight o'clock? Here is my address."

"At eight o'clock? Surely; I shall be there, Father."

And he came to speak to me of the King of Love. Deeply impressed by his words, I took a pencil and jotted down notes so as not to lose any of this extraordinary man's beautiful thoughts. In my travels I have seen and heard many eminent men. But never have I heard anyone speak of Our Lord as did this peasant. He was full of

his subject, as one who had seen. We remained together a long time. Finally, I said:

"Since we both love Jesus, our King, will you be my friend?"

"Your friend? Certainly."

"Then, that's understood. But friends write to each other. Will you write to me sometimes and speak to me of Him as intimately as you do now?"

"Write to you, Father!" said he—and I can still see the look of surprise on his face—"write to you! Why I do not know how to read or write!"

"Then, where did you learn all these beautiful things?" I asked.

"What, Father," said he evidently surprised at my question, "do you ask that, you who say Mass every day? He who taught me all I know is He!"

"It is He!" Profound words that ought to be full of lessons for us. This peasant theologian teaches us that the knowledge of God is not gotten only from books but also on our knees at the foot of the altar. He teaches us, too, that knowledge of reading and writing is not the science of living.

FRONT-BITING

"Oh, Dear," says a high school girl, "I don't want to go with the crowd this afternoon. But I have to, because when any one of the girls isn't there, the rest always talk about her."

A certain business organization has a staff mostly made up of women. Once a month they have a luncheon for the purpose of criticism. Everyone is expected to "get off her chest" everything she doesn't like about the work of the others, or the relations between the departments. And she does so thoroughly and with spirit.

After one of these meetings one of the members said:

"What I like about this office is that we never have any backbiting."

"That's because we take it all out in front-biting," replied one of the others.

We read in the Imitation of Christ: "It is good for us now and then to have some troubles and adversities; for oftentimes they make a man enter into himself, that he may know that he is an exile, and place not his hopes in anything of the world."

Pointed Paragraphs

REMEMBERING

The time for gaining the Jubilee Indulgence is drawing to a close. It might be well to remember that if we gained the indulgence once for ourselves, we can gain it again for the souls of the departed.

This is a thought that is very opportune during the month of November. Of all indulgences granted by the Church, we have every reason to suppose, that the Jubilee Indulgence will be the most effective. The solemnity attached to it by the Church and the earnestness with which the Holy Father recommended it to the faithful, not once but repeatedly, is sufficient evidence of this.

At this rate, if we think of our dear departed during November and look for some means to help them, if we have not yet gained the Jubilee twice, here would be a splendid opportunity.

But who will forget the dead entirely this month? And if we always remember them, if the memory of a dead mother or father, brother or sister or dear one whatsoever brings even into our May days a tinge of November, all the happier will we be to give them special thought and prayer during this month.

And we shall some day sleep beneath the sod.

A FAMILY RADIO

October is past. But the Rosary goes on forever, a most suitable daily prayer. A lay person, who signs himself J. R. of Weston, Mass., in a letter to *America* offers some very beautiful thoughts on the radio. I hope I will be pardoned for giving them wider publicity. He (or she) says:

"Will wonders cease? Last New Year's Eve father and mother and the little ones sat about their living-room tables in Buffalo, Boston and Baltimore and listened to John McCormack. The great singer was in New York, still the strains of his 'Mother Machree' brought tears to the eyes of city folks and villagers alike for thousands of miles around.

And yet this invention is but a toy when compared to another radio

known for centuries as the ornament of devout Catholic homes. The radio to which I refer can both broadcast and receive, it flashes help to every corner of our globe, it reaches out beyond our universe, it even catches concerts from the courts of heaven. It is a pocket-radio, a bond of union in the home, the radio of the Most Holy Rosary.

This radio is appreciated by individuals, but is it known, I wonder, as a family devotion? Twilight in summer; or dark night in December, it makes little difference, evening remains rosary time in some Catholic homes, even today. Rosary in hand, parents and children assemble with one heart—around Edison's radio? No, but around a shrine of Mary.

Perhaps there is no shrine, still heaven is there, where two or three are gathered in the name of Heaven's Queen. To each "Hail Mary" and "Holy Mary" uttered in reverent alternation, the Queen herself replies as once she answered Elizabeth: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior!" Saints and angels take up the strain, and it is vesper time and rosary time in Heaven. The five decades finished, another decade may follow for the Holy Souls, or the Litany of Loretto, or some other favorite prayers may be added. These were known as the 'trimmings' of that sublime old devotion which our fathers called 'The Beads.' "

Why the past tense? Has this custom become a memory? Must the modern radio supplant the old one? This question rests with each family, yet in answering it we should remember that if the home is to be a nursery of virtue and piety, the parents' chief care must be to nurture in the young a deep love for the Mother of God. Where can the American home find surer protection and strength than in her to whose Immaculate Conception these United States have been consecrated? How, finally, can this devotion to Mary be better fostered than by the nightly recital of the family rosary? During May and October, and every night from October to May, and from May to October, for every day and every night we need her maternal protection, counsel and care.

We are told that every religious is one chosen from some 40,000 others who receive no vocation. Why then, some ask, are three, or four, or even all the children of some families privileged to follow the Master in His sanctuary or cloister, while out of thousands of other households, no one is called? Or why do the boys of this family turn out so well; or why are all of Mrs. X's daughters so sensible and modest

in an age of frivolity? Why, the world has asked, does the Irish nation remain faithful and pure; how has it sent its missionaries into every clime? Of the many solutions offered to such queries, one reason will suffice, God's Mother cannot be outdone in generosity, her family rosary must produce good fruit.

If the noise of the automobile and the roar of the "L" cannot drown out our new radio, can they distract us from our family rosary?"

YOUR VOTE

A negro minister once addressed his congregation on the mystery of divine election or predestination to eternal life. He said very pertinently:

"Brethren, you all will not expect of me a theoretical solution of this, one of the deepest mysteries of our faith. The Holy Fathers of the Church could give none; I shall not presume to give one. But as a practical and workable solution of the mystery I shall say this: The divine election to eternal life is decided by the majority of the votes. There will be three voters: God votes for you; the devil votes against you; but your vote will decide the election."

And your vote is your life—the condition of your soul when you reach the end of life.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE

A great scientist was wont to say:

"I would have become an atheist, if I had not always been reminded of my mother, how she folded my baby hands in hers and taught me to pronounce the holy name of Jesus."

It is told of John Adams, the second President of the United States, that one day a man said to him:

"Now I know how you become the real man you are."

"How is that?" asked Adams.

"I have read the letters your mother wrote to her son."

Says the Imitation of Christ: "But because many take more pains to be learned than to lead good lives, therefore they often go astray and bear no fruit at all, or very little."

WHERE BULLETS ARE BALLOTS

Plutarco Quematovilla, a leading Mexican jurist, writing about conditions in Mexico, gives us some glimpses into a situation that always seems hard to us to grasp.

"In theory," he says, "the government of Mexico is like that of the United States. There is the same division of powers and system of checks and balances. There is a written constitution, wherein provision is made for its own modification and amendment.

"Elections are carried on about as follows: Candidates set forth in public meetings the glories of their respective brands of political humbug designed to tickle the fancy of the Dictator. In recent years these meetings have been signalized by the wildest sort of extravagant praise of the bolshevistic theories which could only represent the destruction of all moral foundation for all public law and public order. Mexico's population is so disillusioned in consequence of the reign of falsehood and villainy in public affairs that no self-respecting person ever goes near a political meeting.

"Of course the government hasn't the slightest intention of allowing elections to be freely conducted. A barrier of brute force shuts out the independent voter. The ballot-boxes are surrounded by police and government agents. If an independent citizen manages to get into the voting room at all, his registration is likely to be challenged, or no ballot is left for him, or failing all else, his ballot is destroyed as soon as he is out of sight. Hence the amazing 'unanimity' that so frequently characterizes Mexican elections.

"I might add here that this official control of elections was not invented by the present regime, but it has been more viciously exercised by the Russo-Levantine clique presided over by our Syrian Dictator; and inasmuch as these self-appointed leaders of Mexico talk very loudly about liberty and freedom, their hypocrisy is much greater than that of the older regimes, which may have manipulated elections dishonorably enough, but had at least sufficient sense of shame to be silent as to their views on the inviolability of the right of suffrage. But it is a deplorable fact that the public men in Mexico have ever felt themselves authorized to tamper with the ballot."

The things you are "going to do" add nothing to your bank balance.

OUR UNIVERSITIES

Our Universities—our state universities that are the pinnacle of our much-vaunted educational system, are not quite so perfect as our perfervid sciolists give us to understand. And the critics are none other than university men themselves.

Thus Glenn Frank, President of Wisconsin University, in an article on the late Dr. Eliot, President-emeritus of Harvard, who introduced the modern curriculum with its variety of subject matter and utmost freedom of election by the students, declares that, these policies "have not panned out according to the promises of their promoters—the system of extreme elective freedom and extreme variety of subject matter has placed the immature student in the position of a child, ignorant of food values and of the chemistry of food combinations, faced with the problem of selecting a nutritious and well-balanced meal from the bewildering offerings of a cafeteria. In both cases the result is likely to be indigestion, if not something more serious.....The pendulum must swing back."

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia, New York, inveighs against the evil of too great specialization, as a result of this freedom. The students pick out the courses which are going to help them most in their vocation, he says. "Then what becomes of general training, the grasp of fundamentals, the contacts with other minds that are so essential to a real education?....." "The students who surrender to specialization may get a practical training, an efficient training, but not an education."

And Prof. Charles Mercier, a French educator who has spent several years in the United States studying our educational methods, on the basis of his own experiences and those of some of our most competent students and observers, declares that co-education, another feature of our higher education, is a ghastly failure, especially from a moral point of view and warns the Latin nations against adopting it.

In a recent article in the Atlantic Monthly, Mr. Arnold comes to the same conclusion.

The moral is that we need not be too hasty in aping the fads of educational establishments that claim to be "modern."

Many a man has lofty aims, but is a poor shot.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

A MODERN MIRACLE

At the January meeting of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour in St. Alphonsus Church, Limerick, Very Rev. Father Turner, Director, read for the members the following authentic account of a miracle performed through Our Lady's intercession recently in South Africa:

"Convent of the Holy Cross,
"Aliwal North, South Africa,

13th November, 1922.

"My Jesus, help me to do this work of love in 'Thanksgiving' and to propagate devotion to the Mother of Perpetual Succour.

"Thanks be to God and to the Mother of Perpetual Succour, by whose powerful help I have been miraculously cured from a most painful disease. For eleven years I have been suffering intensely from an incurable stomach trouble, intensified by other most painful complications. I could never, in all these years, take any other food except liquids or chemical preparations. I was troubled with very frequent vomiting, often bringing up blood, and suffered a most acute pain, and this without intermission or relief.

"Six years ago I contracted, by accident, some kind of blood poisoning, which, saturating the whole system, broke out all over the body in most painful evil-smelling wounds, which the doctor pronounced as gangrene. The last six years I have never been without wounds, for months being covered from head to foot. Sometimes some of the wounds would heal, but then the poison seemed to break out, interiorly, causing fever, agonizing pain, frequent convulsions and hemorrhage.

LAST RITES FIVE TIMES.

"Five times I was given the last rites of the Holy Church, the doctor often giving up all hope; and many were the prayers the dear ones offered up to God for a speedy relief from my sufferings and a happy

death. But the good God willed otherwise. He who was my strength through all these years of 'living death,' lifted the cross from me, and in a moment gave back to me complete health and strength—through the powerful intercession of the Mother of Perpetual Succour; and as the good God is often wont to do—making Mary the dispenser of His gifts and graces—He sent one of his holy, saintly priests to be the instrument of His love and mercy.

"During a visit to Aliwal North, the Very Rev. Father Hayes, who is a member of that excellent Order—the Redemptorists, who are bound in a special way to spread devotion to the Mother of God under the sweet title of 'Mother of Perpetual Succour'—proposed that we should make a Novena to the Mother of Perpetual Succour to obtain a cure for me, if such would be God's holy will. I was very grateful for this proposal, trusting to obtain many much-needed graces for my soul; but, to my shame be it said, I had no hope to gain any relief from my suffering state, it being so utterly hopeless and according to three doctors' verdicts, incurable. However, the Novena was started with great fervour—the whole community joining in heart and soul—encouraged by the example of the two holy priests, the Very Rev. Father Hayes and Rev. Father Duff, and, strange to say, the good God gave me at once, as the first fruit of the Novena, unbounded confidence in the powerful intercession of the Mother of Perpetual Succour.

"During the Novena, as often during the four weeks' stay of Rev. Father Hayes (thanks also to a good parish priest) we had repeatedly Mass in the sick room—an unspeakable joy and happiness for me who had not been able to go to church for six long years.

"On the second day of the Novena, when dressing the wounds we noted a marked change, but, as the nurse said, it seemed for the worse. There was a terrible evil-smelling discharge, lumps of rotten flesh and clotted blood coming off. The pain was almost unbearable. God alone knows all I suffered up to the 31st of October, the eighth day of our Novena—the pain in the wounds, the many big and most painful swellings all over the body; the constant sick feeling and daily bringing up of food and blood; the face swollen and inflamed; in fact, the whole body one mass of pain—and then, in one moment, all gone, gone completely. Praise and thanks to God and to thee, my Mother of Perpetual Succour."

(To be Continued.)

Catholic Events

Reports reaching Mexico City tell of rebel uprisings in no fewer than eight states of Mexico. In some cases they are small, in others the bands have defeated considerable forces of Federal troops.

It was reported that Archbishop Vera of Puebla and a dozen priests were arrested. The report of the Archbishop's arrest was denied by the Government.

The Government summarily dissolved the Chamber of Commerce in two States, that of Jalisco and that of Durango, because they had petitioned Calles to relieve the economic stress of the country. The petition was declared to be seditious. The Chamber of Commerce of Vera Cruz, however, endorses the petition and it is expected that it, too, will be dissolved.

Ten priests were arrested in Chilapa, in the State of Guerrero, at the order of the Federal commander. Twenty women and girls were arrested at the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe for distributing religious leaflets and advocating continuance of the boycott. Many prominent Catholic citizens have been thrown into prisons and not a few were assassinated.

A reign of terror exists in eight States of Mexico.

* * *

President Calles of Mexico has submitted for the approval of Congress regulations limiting the number of Catholic priests and ministers to ninety for each denomination. Since the Protestants number probably less than 100,000, ninety ministers would be enough to take care of their needs. But the Catholics in the Federal District alone number more than 800,000; ninety priests could not begin to look after such numbers. Bishop Diaz rightly declares, therefore, "The proposed law is aimed solely at the Catholic Church."

* * *

At the close of the American Legion Convention in Philadelphia, the Rev. Jos. L. N. Wolfe, rector of St. Barbara's Church of that city, was chosen as National Chaplain. Father Wolfe was with the 28th Division at Champagne, Marne, Marne-Aisne, Aisne-Oise, Meuse-Argonne, and Metz engagements. He was twice cited for bravery at the front.

* * *

A common charge against the Catholic Church in Mexico is that she "oppressed the people by the collection of tithes and offerings till she possessed one-third of the wealth of Mexico" and that Mexico is "priest-ridden."

Bishop Kelley of Oklahoma, writing in *The Survey*, by actual figures and authorities, shows how ridiculous the charge is. In 1910, the Catholic Church in Mexico was ministering to 6,122,354 people; she had \$30,031,894 in churches and unproductive property, and 7,341

clergymen. In 1916, when the Baptist Church had that many adherents in the United States, it had \$173,705,800 in churches and unproductive property, and 36,926 ministers. And the Catholic Church in Mexico is 300 years old; while the Baptist Church is not nearly that old. The Catholic Church for its six million people had 10,112 churches, while the Baptist Church for the same amount of adherents has 51,248 churches.

* * *

A Catholic youth, Herbert Wenig, of Blessed Sacrament parish, Los Angeles, brought victory to the United States in the first international oratorical contest just held in Washington, D. C. He won by a vote of five judges, four of whom are not Americans, against four other speakers representing as many lands.

Last June young Wenig won the oratorical championship of the United States, and qualified for last week's endeavor by being declared the best of seven finalists chosen from high schools the country over to compete in the third national oratorical contest which was held on the same stage.

President Coolidge addressing the contestants and the audience, declared: "The widespread interest that has been created (in these contests) is indicated by the participation of more than 2,500,000 students of the secondary schools of the five nations which are here represented, while more than 1,500 publications of various kinds have co-operated with the newspapers sponsoring and financing the contest by giving it publicity and encouragement."

* * *

The Rt. Rev. Edward P. Allen, Bishop of the diocese of Mobile, including Alabama and West Florida, died at a Mobile hospital Oct. 21, following an operation. He was 73 years old.

Bishop Allen, the fifth Bishop of the see, came to Mobile in 1897. The diocese then had twenty-two churches with resident priests, fifteen parishes with schools, two hospitals and two orphanages, and 2,526 children under Catholic care in colleges, academies, and schools. The latest statistics show that the diocese now has sixty-four churches with resident priests, forty-seven parishes and missions with schools, seven hospitals, four orphanages and 7,806 children under Catholic care. Bishop Allen served forty-five years as a priest and nearly thirty as Bishop.

* * *

The national convention of the National Council of Catholic Women just closed at Milwaukee, Wis., was the largest in the history of the organization. The main streets of the city were decorated with flags as for a patriotic demonstration and with shields bearing the inscription: "Forward N. C. C. W. Serving Home, Church, Country." A huge electric sign at the city hall blazed forth "Welcome, National Council Catholic Women."

The discussions that aroused greatest enthusiasm were those on "Girls' Welfare," "Study Clubs," "Parent-Teacher Associations," and "Immigration and Americanization." They sent a message of sympathy to the Catholic women of Mexico.

At the convention of the American Federation of Labor held at Detroit, a resolution was introduced instructing the executive council to make an investigation of the religious controversy in Mexico and of the relations of the Mexican Federation of Labor with the Mexican Government. James M. Fitzpatrick, representing the Waterbury Central Labor Union, objected and demanded that the Federation sever all connections with the Mexican body. Matthew Woll, vice-president of the A. F. of L., and Daniel Tobin, treasurer of the A. F. of L., both Catholics, challenged the objection on the grounds that Fitzpatrick was trying to prejudice the convention before the completion of the investigation.

* * *

Catholic colleges and universities in the United States, exclusive of women's colleges, increased their enrollments by 9,442 students in the last two years, according to statistics. These colleges at the close of the school year 1925-1926 had a total enrollment of 55,724 students; while at the end of the school year 1923-1924 they had a total enrollment of 46,282. The Catholic men's colleges in the country now total 74.

* * *

The convention of the Third Order of St. Francis, which assembled in New York recently, counted 1,200 delegates and more than 4,000 non-voting members. At a public meeting, Anthony Matre of Chicago, who presided, said that the Franciscan Order now has 30,000 members in its priests' division, more than 100,000 in its women's division and more than 1,000,000 in its laymen's division.

At the women's meeting resolutions were adopted pledging the members to watch strictly over the literature read in their homes and to observe abstinence from dangerous shows and motion pictures, and also to promote proper dress, daily prayer and Catholic education.

* * *

The annual convention of the National Conference of Catholic Charities was attended by many eminent sociologists and by more than eight hundred active social workers from all parts of the country. Archbishop Hanna, sounding the keynote of the convention, said:

"No matter how capable our organized charities may be, they cannot hope to remedy all the ills of humanity. As Catholics we must render personal service to those who are in need. Even the most unfortunate being on earth has the lineaments of God. He is made in the image of God, we are told. This is the inspiration of our Christian welfare work. The Church has been great throughout the ages because of this tradition. It is this tradition which has made our Sisters of Mercy angels of the battlefields of the world; sent the flower of our womanhood to tend the lepers in the islands of the Pacific Seas, and has made other Sisterhoods visit the unfortunate in prisons and homes for those who have sinned."

* * *

His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, has let it be known that he personally will consecrate the three native Chinese priests who recently were elected to Chinese Hierarchy. The consecration will take place at St. Peter's on October 24 next.

Some Good Books

Mangled Hands. By Rev. Neil Boyton, S.J. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$1.25 net.

Having achieved well-merited success in the field of fiction for boys, Father Boyton has turned his hand to what we might call historical fiction. He has taken up the thrilling story of the early Jesuit missionary martyrs along the St. Lawrence, and with this historical background has built up a tale fairly bubbling over with adventure.

The story is told in the first person and in characteristic Indian language by a Huron lad, converted and baptized by Father Jogues. This Tarcisius Tandihetsi, we take it, is a fictitious character. He shares in the capture of the missionary by the Iroquois, undergoes the hardships of captivity, is present at the martyrdom, and finally, with one of the mangled hands of Father Jogues in his own, goes bravely as befits the son of a Huron Chief to his own death.

The Facts Concerning the Mexican Problem. By Wm. E. Montavon. Published by the National Catholic Welfare Conference, Washington, D. C.

Though events in Mexico are receiving scantier notice in the daily press, the problem still remains. Fair-minded Americans, whatever their religious affiliation, are interested to learn the facts of the case and these are placed before them in orderly array in this pamphlet of some sixty pages. We therefore gladly bring it to the attention of our readers in the hope that we shall thereby do our bit in forming a true and solidly founded public opinion regarding the Mexican government's persecution of all religion and its denial of fundamental rights to its citizens.

Truly A Lover. By Rev. John Carr, C.Ss.R. Published by Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price, 80c. This is a book about the Little Flower, which you will enjoy because it is a good

analysis of her character, written in a most attractive manner.

Homage to Jesus Christ, King. The Proper of the Mass for the New Feast to be celebrated on the last Sunday of October, explained by Rev. Gerald Ellard, S.J. Published by Central Bureau C. V., 3835 Westminster Place, St. Louis. Price, 10c a copy postpaid; 65c a dozen, postpaid; \$5.99 a hundred, plus postage.

Manna Almanac for 1927. Published by the Society of the Divine Savior, St. Nazianz, Wisconsin. Price, 20c. Nearly a hundred pages of wholesome and interesting reading that will delight the young folks.

The Little Secret. From the German of Rev. Cassian Karg, O. M. Cap. Published by the Capuchin Fathers, 1740 Mt. Elliott Ave., Detroit, Mich. Price, \$4.50 per hundred; \$40.00 per thousand. A Key to the interior life, in simple, concise, attractive form. Suggested for the parish book-rack.

The Morning Sacrifice. By Rev. J. E. Moffatt, S.J. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, 15c per copy; per 100, \$9.00. A brief explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, very beautifully gotten up and profusely illustrated with pictures in harmony with the liturgy.

Keep the Gate. By Rev. Joseph J. Williams. Published by Benziger Bros. Price, 25c retail. A paper-covered book of 170 pages intended in the first place for spiritual reading during the time of retreat, but suitable for general reading. It is replete with spiritual anecdote and historical incident.

Religion Hour. Book Two. By Rev. Jerome B. Hannan, D.D. Published by Benziger Brothers. List price, 43c less discount. Thirty stories to be used as story-lessons in conduct and religion, based on "Teacher Tells a Story," Book Two. (See the Liguorian for August, 1926.)

The Jewel of the Elf. A Christmas play in four acts for children and advanced pupils. No male characters. By Rev. A. Klarman, Ph.D., Litt. D. Music by Charles A. Korz. Published by Frederick Pustet Co. Price, 50c.

A Retreat for the Clergy. By the Right Rev. J. T. Murphy, C. S. Sp., Bishop of Port Louis. Published by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. Price, \$1.75 net.

Here we have a handy volume of 236 pages, in clear type, with well-marked divisions. The discourses are distributed over four days, with four addresses for each day (excepting the first day with three and the fourth with five).

As a glance at the program will show, the author's chief concern is centered on the personal sanctification of the priest. The dominant tone is that of the solid, logical, faith-illuminated theologian; not indulging in lofty flights of fancy that may distract from prayerful attention, nor descending to paltry commonplaces that may fall short of the dignity due to a gathering of priests.

The long line of venerable audiences that listened to the presentation of this Retreat affords a strong commendation for its excellence.

Elements of Experimental Psychology. By Rev. J. De La Vaissiere, S.J. Translated from the fifth French Edition by Rev. S. A. Raemers, M.A. Published by the B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$3.00 net.

Too often our Catholic institutions of learning seem forced to use textbooks more or less infected with the poison of false philosophy, for the simple reason that adequate manuals written from a safe and solid viewpoint are wanting. They must trust to the care of the teacher to make the text innocuous to the student. Hence a volume such as the above deserves a hearty welcome.

The original was crowned by the French Academy. This is an accurate and readable translation, retaining all the excellent points of the original and even improving upon it at times from a

typographical standpoint. Thus the splendid bibliography of some forty pages is now arranged alphabetically and an alphabetical index has been added.

As the author notes in his preface, this is not a laboratory manual and hence the technique of experiments has been excluded from it. It simply aims at grouping in a methodical way the principal results obtained by experimenters, thus furnishing to students of philosophy a means of coming into closer contact with a positive science most useful to the furtherance of rational psychology.

Ready to Read. Pre-Primer of the American Cardinal Readers. Published by Benziger Bros., New York.

This little book is the first in a series called American Cardinal Readers for Parochial Schools. The editor of the series is Edith M. McLaughlin, former Critic Teacher, Parker Practice School, Normal School, Chicago; associated with her is Sr. Mary Ambrose, O.S.D., A.M., of St. Joseph's College and Academy, Adrian, Mich. This combination of public school experience and Sisters' wisdom gives us every reason to expect a splendid and practical series of readers. The illustrations in this pre-primer are done by Martin F. Gleason, Supervisor of Art, member of Summer Faculty, Illinois State Normal University. They are good.

It appears to us that here is a series of readers our teachers should inspect. The result we leave to them, confident that its excellencies will not escape their notice.

Is there a Carmelite Convent in Chicago?

There is, as far as I know, no monastery of Discalced Carmelites (Teresian) Sisters in Chicago. There is one—Regina Coeli Monastery in Bettendorf, Iowa. Another, Carmelite Monastery, Victor and 18th Streets, St. Louis, Mo., and a third the monastery of St. Joseph and St. Theresa at 1236 N. Rampart St., New Orleans, La. I suppose you are referring to the strictly cloistered Carmelite Order.

Lucid Intervals

Miss Stevens—"Albert, will you please run up that curtain?"

Albert—"I'm not in very good training, but I'll try."

A clergyman was a geologist, and always carried his specimens about in a red handkerchief such as navvies use to carry their dinners in. One day, as he was going home with it full of specimens, he saw a navy at the top of a well, using violent language because the windlass refused to work.

"My friend," said the parson, "do you know Satan?"

"No," replied the man, "but I'll ask my mate. Bill," he cried, "do you know Satan?"

"No!" came the answer from the bottom of the well. "Why?"

"Well, there's a bloke up here wot's got 'is dinner."

A bricklayer was laying bricks on the third story of an unfinished house, and, unfortunately dropped a brick on the head of a colored man who was mixing mortar down below. The bricklayer, his heart in his mouth, leaned over the parapet. He thought he had killed the poor colored man. But the latter looked up at him with a good-natured and forgiving grin.

"Hey, w'at you doin', white man?" he shouted. "You done made me bite mah tongue."

Bill was a man who always boasted of his memory. One of his friends decided to check him up and when meeting him on the street one day asked him if he liked eggs, to which Bill replied, "Yes."

The next time the two men met which was three weeks later, they talked of different things and when leaving Bill's friend said to him, "By the way, Bill, how?" Bill immediately replied, "Fried."

"My rheumatiz was pestering me so's I didn't feel able to ride to town to see

the circus," said an unfortunate neighbor. "How was it, anyway?"

"First rate," replied Gage Giggery, of the Mount Pizgy neighborhood, "except that the clowns sorter hurt my feelings."

"Wasn't they funny?"

"You betcha! And that's just what was the matter. They were so thunderin' funny I wallered around on my seat till I stuck myself plumb full of splinters."

The patient teacher was trying to show the small boy how to read with expression.

"Where-are-you-going?" read Johnny laboriously, with no accent whatever.

"Try that again," said the teacher. "Read as if you were talking. Notice that mark at the end."

Johnny studied the interrogation mark a moment, and an idea seemed to dawn upon him; then he read out triumphantly: "Where are you going, little buttonhook?"

Rastus was gingerly massaging the western end of an Arkansas mule. "Rastus," said the corporal, "did that mule ever kick you?" "No, sah!" said Rastus, as he carefully slid himself out of the danger zone. "No, sah! He never jes' 'zactly kicks me but often kicks just whar I jes' been."

A policeman on his beat saw a festive gentleman staggering on the way home at 3 o'clock in the morning.

"Where are you going at this time of night?" asked the officer, gruffly.

"To a lecture," was the truthful reply.

An Irishman was telling his friend of a narrow escape in the war.

"The bullet went in me chist and came out me back," said Pat.

"But," answered his friend, "it would go through your heart and kill you."

"Me heart was in me mouth at the time," came the quick reply.

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